THE EMERALD.

SEMPER REFULGET.

No. 62.

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ORIGINAL PAPERS.

FOR THE EMERALD.

THE WANDERER,

No. 84.

WHERE or how the following letter came into the Wanderer's possession can only be an inquiry of useless curiosity. It is one of a large number which purport to be written by a Carolinian of education, on a journey through the United States, to his friend in Charleston, communicating with the freedom of friendship the sentiments and observations of a traveller.

Boston, ——

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....In the morning we visited the rooms of that great master of the pencil, GEORGE G. STUART. My admiration was fully excited by that creative power which gives animation to the canvass, and by that mysterious art which preserving the most correct likeness of features and form, sometimes presented them charms of beauty and elegance, beyond the most sanguine expectation of individual vanity. I was impressed too with the wayward capriciousness of genius, which would frequently design without deigning finish, and leave the most interesting sketch of the "human countenance divine" just beginning, like the rose-bud, to unfold its perfections on the canvass, to be penciled out at pleasure, by the imagination of the disappointed beholder. I exulted in the reflection that almost every artist of eminence in England was a native of my own country, and was displaying to foreign amateurs that talent and ability, which it was once contended Americans could not possess. I felicitated myself that an art most intimately connected with civilization and humanity was professed in so eminent a degree in any part of my country, and that a taste for the exquisite productions of the pencil was diffusing itself among our affluent citizens. How unreasonably do those consider and speak of our country who have pretended to see and despise in us a contempt for the fine arts and an inattention to professional eminence. Are they ignorant that luxury is always in the rear of necessity, and that wealth must be acquired before it can be dissipated? It is not to be expected by reasonable minds that the country which three centuries ago was a wilderness, and less than half the common age of man was a dependant colony, can now point the connoisseur to the stately orders of its costly architecture, or the expensive ornaments of the chissel or the pencil. We have no grand national paintings which perpetuate the epochs of our political history or the increasing liberality and opulence of our citizens. As yet it is sufficient that we advance far enough to

delight in the correct and elegant display of professional talents, although they are sometimes exerted in painting a head that is destitute of understanding, and giving immortality to a character which has nothing but wealth to preserve its perishable name. But the portrait painter, though he may sometimes exert his talents in representing a character that derives all claim to remembrance from the labour of his art, yet frequently preserves the countenance of those noble beings, whom society considers as benefactors, and human nature as ornaments. It is so in the present case.

From this gallery of portraits we went to the examination of a picture, which will convey to posterity the best specimen of the painter's ability in the almost living representation of that great and illustrious character, whom the remotest inhabitant of our soil will delight to reverence as the guardian of his country. A respectable citizen* has done honour to his own taste, and given a noble evidence of patriotism and munificence, by presenting to the town of Boston as a splendid ornament for "the hall of liberty" a *picture of* WASHINGTON from *the pencil of* STUART.

This is a most admirable painting. The General is represented in military dress standing on Dorchester heights, [You know the connexion which these have with the history of the town,] his hat is in his right hand, and in his left the reins of a beautiful grey charger who is starting at the report of cann on in the rear. I do not know how the *execution* of this piece might be considered when compared with the great originals of Italy and the chief d'ouvres in the collection of European amateurs; but from the reputation of the artist and the beauty of the painting, as it strikes my untravelled eye, I should not fear to hazard it in comparison before a competent judge. It would not do to make an Italian the umpire as, in his partial eye, the fine arts are natives of his own soil; nor would it be more judicious to let one of our northern brothers decide, for they have equal partiality for their own productions, and however much they might be willing to depreciate the general character of their country, would always claim an exception for the little peninsula of Boston. *They* see no fault in this painting, and I hope it is not attributable to southern prejudice if *I* do. The head of the General, however, appears, as you enter the hall, too small in proportion to the body; I was assured in reply to this objection that the head is strictly correct; and some learned explanations were made to show its extreme accuracy. It may be so. I remember that the commentators of Shakespeare had been pleased with his very faults, and discovered beauties even in a blemish. Perhaps Stuart is equally fortunate. If this seems to you, to be cavilling, what do you say when I object to the design? Washington is placed in a fine attitude, but he appears perfectly without occupation: he is standing as if to have his picture taken, and not as a *General* should be placed. Why is he not *employed?* Let him be mounting.—*That would spoil his figure.*—Let him be preparing then, by putting on his hat; drawing on his glove—or if this is too trifling, let——But it is not my business to say *what* he should be doing; that is the duty of the painter:—for heaven's sake give him *some* employment; never put the leader of

* Samuel Parkman, Esquire, a merchant of large property.

an army in the ridiculous character of a comedian studying attitudes or as this appears, waiting till the picture is finished before he mounts his horse.

Being in a humor for picture hunting, I adjourned with the Messrs. P— and the ladies who had accompanied us from this spacious and elegant hall, where assiduity is at continued war with genius, to the splendid panorama of the Battle of Lodi, painted by that admirable young artist Kerr Porter, and which has lately been removed to the vicinity of this town—It is sufficient to state to you that we saw it, to give you an idea, of the pleasure it afforded us. You were with me, my friend, when we first viewed it in Philadelphia—repetition does not produce satiety; every view discovers some unexpected excellence, and the mind by continued examination will only be able to appreciate its beauties. ***.

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We ask the excuse of our reader, for the following errata, in the last Wanderer, page 302, 2d paragraph for *are* read *is* page 303 2d paragraph 6th line insert a comma after *us* and dele the two next words.

ORIGINAL BIOGRAPHY.

FOR THE EMERALD,

LORD CHANCELLOR ERSKINE.

(Concluded from page 307.)

A NOBLER era of his life now commences. On the death of Mr. Pitt, an union was formed between the respective parties of Fox and Grenville, the consequence of which was an elevation of Mr. Erskine to the high and important office of Lord Chancellor of England.

What Lord Kenyon properly denominated the "nice points of entangled equity," now fell to the province of Lord Erskine to unravel, but so novel was the task that it was a long time before he could find the end. However the office was a post of such exalted honour, such deep responsibility awaited its occupant, and predecessors of such eminence were to be rivalled, that he applied all the vigour of his intellectual nerves to the object and fortunately succeeded. Before he was complete master of the case which he was about to decide, sleep is said to have been a stranger to his eye-lids. A long acquaintance with the niceties of law, though it did not assist him to *determine*, enabled him to *comprehend* with facility the niceties of equity. All his preparatory legal knowledge was now impetuously turned into another course. It was only necessary to direct the stream; its own strength would wear the channel in its progress.—Such Lord Erskine is represented to have been, and such it delights us to consider that he was. The oldest practitioners in chancery are said to have been astonished to find a Chancellor who knew so little about his duty, in so short a time, so far surpass them who by a life spent in such researches knew so much. His Lordship is stated to have reformed many abuses in that Court, and particularly the one that Hamlet deemed an argument in justification of suicide, "*the law's delay.*"

The desire of excelling competition, so laudable when properly directed seems here to have taken its proper course for indulgence. Erskine was equal to the task assigned him, here his ambition found itself at home. Without aspiring to universality of genius, he rested his

eye on one point and success was companion of his labours.

Nevertheless his personal vanity frequently broke forth with such terrible explosions, as often endangered the fabric of his fame. Lest we be thought to aggravate this foible, we will cite the expressions of the Chancellor himself. He shall be heard before he is convicted of indecency. In the recent trial of Lord Melville before the House of Peers, a legal point arose whether a witness could be compelled to answer a question for which he might be afterwards rendered responsible in a civil suit? The Judges were summoned to deliver their opinions; and at the conclusion of the debate the Chancellor remarked, "That *he* had been for seven and twenty years engaged in the duties of a laborious profession, and that while he was so employed, he had not for a single day been prevented from attending his duty on Courts by indisposition, or by corporeal infirmity. *That his experience was equal not only to any individual Judge on the bench; but to all the Judges with their collective practice. That it was true there were men of much more learning and ability than he could pretend to; but that success in life often depended more on accident, and certain physical advantages, than upon the most brilliant talents and profound erudition.*" The Chancellor in the concluding sentence vouches for the entire veracity of our comments, and it gratifies us to find ourselves supported by so able an advocate. Those of his admirers who deny him the laurel of vanity convict him of falsehood. The style of his oratory is diffusive and bordering on redundancy. His imagination although a jewel is not of the first order of brilliants. Amidst the matter of fact men at Westminster-hall, whenever fancy throws one of her pearls, they all wrangle for it, each one takes his turn to wear an ornament so precious, and even when it has contracted a rust by frequency of handling, in their eyes it loses none of its lustre.

A recent arrangement in the ministry has transferred the seals of office into other hands, and has left Lord Erskine to the quiet enjoyment of his Peerage. His exertions have been strenuous and unremittent; fortune beamed a smile, and he is now an exception, *in a double sense, to the rule, that genius must look to posterity for reward.*

Whatever varying hues his character exhibits, they are all reconcilable, and we hazard an opinion that *self confidence* sometimes properly, and sometimes improperly applied, will account for all his inequalities. The meagre vapour surrounding the head of the author and the politician, suddenly kindles into glory when appearing on the legal horizon. "This example is not without its use." It will teach by its salutary admonitions, the pupil of fame and fortune, to endeavour to converge his energies of intellect to one point, and if above mediocrity, this example will cheer the despondency of his heart. It will further teach him who is not endowed by nature with the prodigal munificence of a Burke, the folly of attempting to dissipate the rays of his genius over too large a circumference.

A friend dearly beloved has hinted to the writer the propriety of annexing marginal notes to his essay for the purpose of informing the public from what quarter his intelligence is drawn. This is however a demand on labour and investigation difficult and irksome to accomplish; but if any gentleman

deems it worthy his attention to question the fact, it will be time enough then, to quote or to refer to the document.

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We cannot permit ourselves to close this biographical outline without recommending to our readers an uninterrupted perusal, now that the entire essay is before them. Somewhat of the interest and beauty of a connected dissertation is lost by the necessity of dividing it.

The judicious writer to whom we are much indebted for this and other instances of friendship and genius will accept our warmest acknowledgments. His hours of relaxation from the duties of a learned and laborious profession will still be valuable to society by a devotion to the interests of polite and elegant literature; a taste for which can in no way be more easily disseminated than by his own polished and beautiful writings.

Em. Ed'rs.

SELECTED FOR THE EMERALD

CHARACTER OF A NEW CLASS OF MODERN LITERATI.

From Bisset's Modern Literature.

About thirty years ago, a new species of writing began to make its appearance, in works of fancy, and professed imitation of life and manners. Le Sage and Fielding had carried the exhibition of human nature and passions, the manners and character of the times, to a degree of perfection that has not been equalled, and scarcely could be surpassed. Miss Burney, pursuing the same track, but professing greater originality of genius, introduced an extensive variety, not resembling Fielding in detail, but, like him, copying from life—excelling in strength of delineation and in humour of colouring. Less comprehensive in rage, but acute in observation, picturesque in description interesting in the tale, impressive in character, and pathetic in incident, situation, and feeling. Charlotte Smith headed a different species of just representors of conduct, character, and passion. From the strong, but somewhat coarse and farcical satire of a Roderick and honest Strap, to the delicate tenderness of Adelina, Emeline, and Godolphin, the various classes of the comic epopee appear to have been exemplified by masterly writers, all adhering to existing or probable archetypes. The Recess and Emma Corbet, verging to the province of Melpomene rather than Thalia, are still imitations of probability. Genius, ardent after novelty, will sometimes leave an old road, not because it may not lead it to its journey's end, but because it is old. There was at this time a great disposition to literary innovation, that, showing itself on subjects of serious reasoning, religion, morality, and politics, was also manifest in works of amusement. The object of ingenuity appeared to be to enchain and petrify by astonishment, more than to allure by pleasure, impel by profit, or guide by wisdom. There was a very prevalent disposition to question established truths, and to transcend admonited probabilities; and while serious pretenders to philosophy proposed new principles and rules for governing social and political man, literary dispensers of amusement also chalked out a new system of tales and exhibitions; and, instead of the probable, frequently substituted the marvelous. Some persons of great genius began, and others followed this style of writing. The Eloise of Rousseau rendered it very popular on the Continent: it gilded all the eccentricities and easy extravagance of the French ingenuity, and was dragged through all the studied wilderness of German labour. Genius relievs

ed the marvelous by the probable, introduced its fanciful beings in circumstances which, diminishing or overpowering the incredible, gave full force to the appearance; while pains-taking dulness never failed to introduce such adjuncts and appendages as broke the spell and showed the improbable absurdity. Shakespeare could manage a ghost; but if he introduced a ghost, he brought such a being discovering a foul and unnatural murder, not amusing himself with a tune on an organ. This new style of writing, or old romance revived, generated or regenerated in France or Switzerland, receiving its clothing from literary tailors of Germany; and a ponderous garb it was, containing the heavy armour and escutcheons, and heraldic blazonry of the feudal times, and the motley patch-work of modern illuminism.

It obtained, from its uncouth enormity, the name of the Gigantesque. If dexterity or skill happened, at any time to betake themselves to this species of exhibition, they excited a horror and amazezement which, for a time, might suspend the faculties of the reader, but the gross improbability soon dispelled the deception; but it was reserved for Genius so to temper the marvelous with the pleasing and pathetic, as to hurry on the reader wherever the writer chose. Such were the reflections of our hero when the 'Romance of the Forest' was first sent for his critical examination. The able and inventive author chusing a different tract from a Burney and a Smith, and accommodating herself to the growing taste for the gigantesque, admitted it with the modifications of judgment in her scenery and machinery, but did not chuse it as the groundwork of her story.

The actual tale is natural; and, during the age and manners which she describes, is probable. No object is actually presented, which was not within the compass of known existence at the time. The impressions, though arising from imaginary beings, were natural in the characters and state of mind represented. An innocent and experienced girl, dejected with the consciousness of her destitute situation, conceiving herself the victim of villany and treachery, where she, for a time, had experienced protection; torn from the man that she loved, and apprehensive of violence from the man that she hated; in a vast and desolate edifice, which she had recently discovered to be the scene of murder; hearing noises at the still hour of midnight, is perfectly consonant to nature, in apprehending a visitation from the apparitions of the dead. The fears which disturb the Marquis, and drive him from the abbey; the scene of conscious murder, is perfectly consonant to the feelings of enormous guilt. La Motte, vacillating between the depravity of habitual indulgence ripened into profligacy, and the remains of honourable and virtuous feelings, by temporary impulse driven to a crime, but by the remnants of humanity held from hardened atrocity, is a character at once natural and instructive, and very forcibly pourtrays the proclivity of pleasurable vice. The passions, characters, and manners, are in this production, natural, striking, and impressive; the fable in its principal constituents sufficiently probable to interest the reader in the fortunes of the actors; the descriptions of external nature perhaps too exuberant; but it is the exuberance of genius, prompted by taste and sensibility, exquisitely susceptible of the beauties of nature: she cannot restrain her fancy from

expatiating on subjects which have afforded to herself such delightful sensation and images. Her marvelous is not improbable. Such were the critical reflections of our hero on his examination of this novel, together with the taste of the times when it made its appearance. He predicted, however, that attempted imitation, by inferior genius, would inundate the public with monstrous fictions, bearing no resemblance to any thing that ever existed in any age or country; and, it afterwards appeared, he was not mistaken in his prophecies.

For the Emerald.

DESULTORY SELECTIONS,

AND ORIGINAL REMARKS.

PERSECUTION.

Can some one tell me who wrote the following hymn? I met with it in the *laid-aside* hymn-book of a congregation of Unitarian Dissenters. It is the only attempt I recollect to make the doctrine of toleration a part of the liturgic precepts of christianity. In this point of view it is indeed precious.

Absurd and vain attempt! to bind
With iron chains the free-born mind;
To force conviction, and reclaim
The wandering by destructive flame.

Bold arrogance! to snatch from heaven
Dominion not to mortals given;
O'er conscience, to usurp the throne,
Accountable to God alone.

Jesus, thy gentle law of love
Does no such cruelties approve;
Mild as thyself thy doctrine wields
No arms but what persuasion yields.

By proofs divine, and reason strong,
It draws the willing soul along;
And conquests to thy church acquires
By eloquence, which heaven inspires.

GRAMMATICAL ILLUCIDATION.

A Grammarian inquired why the words *suicide*, *regicide*, &c. are employed to express both the act and the perpetrator; and whether we might not use *suicism*, *regicism*, &c. for the deed of self-slaughter, or king-slaughter. He attacks a real disease of language; but suggests a bad remedy.

The Latins have *paracidium* for the act, and *paracida* for the perpetrator of paracide. In old French books the abstract substantive is gallicized by *parricidie*, and the agent by *parricide*. But as words in *ie* are feminine in French, and as neuter Latin substantives become masculine in French, the word *parricide* was felt as anomalous, and abandoned for *parricide*. From the French we have our English word.

Had English writers been borrowing directly from the Latin, they would have said *parracidy* and *parricider*; *suicidy* and *suicider*; *regicidy* and *regicider*; they would thus have preserved the desirable distinction.

WRATH is drawn with wonderful force by Spenser, as one of the councellors and attendants on pride.

And him besides rides fierce revenging *Wrath*
Upon a lion, loth for to be led;
And in his hand a burning brand he hath,
The which he brandisheth about his head;
His eyes did hurlforth sparkles fiery red,
And stared stern on all that him beheld,
As ashes pale of hue, and seeming dead;
And on his dagger still his hand he held,
Trembling through hasty rage when choler in him swell'd.
His ruffian raiment all was stain'd with blood
Which he had spilt, and all to rags were rent.

In this description there is nothing properly emblematical, but the lion on which Wrath is mounted, and the flaming brand which he holds; and these are so obvious as to need no remark. The sparkling of his eyes resembles that of Turnus.

His agitur furiis; totoque ardentis ab ore
Scintillæ absistunt: oculis micat acribus ignis. *Æn. xii.*

Such furies urge him; while his glowing face
Darts sparkles round, and flash his fiery eyes.

Cowley, in his *Davideis*, gives a portrait of ENVY, drawn with much strength, and with some novelty.

ENVY at last crawls forth from that dire throng,
Of all the direfull'st; her black locks hung long,
Attir'd with curling serpents; her pale skin
Was almost dropt from the sharp bones within;
And at her breast hung vipers, which did prey [day
Upon her panting heart both night and
Sucking black blood from thence, which, to repair,
Both day and night they left fresh poisons there.
Her garments were deep stain'd in human gore,
And torn by her own hands, in which she bore [brim
A knotted whip, and bowl, that to the
Did with green gall and juice of wormwood swim.

What would a foreigner collect from being told by his friend, as an apology for not being with him at the hour of dinner, that he was "Spilt," in coming: or in hearing from a third person, that another friend, who declined accepting his invitation, from alledged indisposition, "Shamm'd Abraham?" If you make an acceptable proposition to a fashionable party, they are immediately "Up to it?" if the contrary, they dislike—"That there sort of thing." When they are low spirited and melancholy, they are "Hippish;" when mortified and disappointed, "Down in the mouth."—Does a man of fashion drive his curricle furiously down Pall-Mall or the Strand; passing his competitors, like the victors in the Olympic games? he is then said to "Tip them the go by." Is his dress, as we may presume it will be, elegant; exhibiting no articles of apparel but such as are "All the rage," he is "Quite the tippy."

The following is a song of Sir Charles Sedley, which may not only be read with pleasure, but the close, the secret charm of a song, is to be admired for the delicacy of its thought, and the easy grace of its diction.

SONG.

Phyllis, men say that all my vows
Are to thy fortune paid;
Alas, my heart he little knows,
Who thinks my love a trade.

Were I of all these woods the lord,
One berry from thy hand
More real pleasure would afford,
Than all my large command.

My humble love has learnt to live
On what the nicest maid,
Without a conscious blush, may give
Beneath the myrtle shade.

CLARET.

The Doctor is feed for a dangerous draught,
Which cures half a dozen, and kills half a score. [taught,
Of all the best drugs the dispensaries
Twere well could each cure one disease, and no more.
But here's the juice
Of sovereign use,
'Twill cure your distempers whatever they be,
In body or spirit,
Whatever you bear it,
Take of this a large dose, and it soon sets you free.

By cunning *directors*, if trick' of y'r pelf
And losses a dose of good claret can heal,
Or if you have been a *director* yourself,
'Twill teach you the loss of your honor to feel,
Stocks fall or rise,
Tell truth or lies,
Your fame and your fortune, here remedy find,
If Sylvia be cruel
Take this water gruel,
'Twill soon cure the fever, that burns up your mind.

REMARK OF LESSING.

He who writes for bread, has seldom money to buy, or leisure to quote, the books which treat best on his topic: he who writes to kill time, willingly orders

and awaits and compares scarce editions and curious documents; he saunters to the public libraries, revises with fastidious care, and fatigues his amanuensis by his caprices. Hence it happens, that a poor author is almost always superior to his book; and a rich author almost always inferior to his book.

Philip, King of Macedon, lost one of his eyes by a very singular accident. Besieging the small city Methone, a man named Aster, of Amphipolis, offered his services to Philip, telling him that he was so excellent a marksman, that he could bring down birds in their most rapid flight. The Monarch made this answer, "Well, then I will take you into my service when I make war upon Starlings." This reply stung the archer to the quick, and here it was fully proved, that a repartee may be of fatal consequence to him who makes it. Aster having thrown himself into the city, let fly an arrow, on which was written, "to Philip's right eye." This carried a most cruel proof that he was a good marksman, for he actually hit him in the right eye. Philip, however, sent him back the arrow, with this inscription; "If Philip takes Methone, he will hang up Aster;" and accordingly, having taken it, he was as good as his word.

ON GOOD AND EVIL DAYS.

[*The subject of the following remarks is of general concern. Almost every individual has prepossessions in favour of one day and antipathies against another, and although the reason may be convinced that the prejudice is a folly, yet his inclination (shall we say* superstition?*) leads him often to obey it. Men die and are buried on all days, but it very rarely happens even among our enlightened countrymen that any are* married on a Friday, *and a lady has been known to declare she would rather remain an old maid for life than go to the altar on* this inauspicious day. *We hear of vessels lost without any discrimination of times, and yet we all know the preference of sailors for a Sunday's departure. In truth mankind have weaknesses which they cannot strengthen and are carried on the current of prevailing sentiment without being desirous of freedom.* Em. Ed'rs]

Notwithstanding the ridicule which of later ages has been deservedly thrown on the idea of good and evil days, it is certain that, from time immemorial, the most celebrated nations of antiquity, the Chaldeans, the Egyptians, the Greeks and the Romans, adopted and placed implicit faith in this superstitious notion, which is still prevalent in all parts of the East.

According to Plutarch, the kings of Egypt never transacted business on the 3d day of the week, and abstained even from food till the evening, because on that day Typhon, who was considered by them as the cause of every evil, was born. The 17th of the month was also deemed unfortunate, as on that day Osiris died. The Thursday was generally considered by the Athenians as of so unlucky an import, that the assemblies of the people which happened to fall on that day, were always deferred. Hesiod enumerates the days when it might be proper to commence certain undertakings, and those, when it was necessary to abstain from every employment. Among the latter he mentions the 5th of every month, when the infernal Furies were supposed to bestride the earth.—Virgil has the same idea—

Quintam fuge:—pallidus Orcus
Eumenidesque satæ—tum partu terra nefando [*Typhœa,*
Cœumque Iapetumque creat, jævumque
Et consuratos cœlum rescindere fratres.

Many historical observations have contributed to favour these superstitious notions. Josephus remarks, that the temple of Solomon was burnt by the Babylonians on the 8th of September, and was a second time destroyed on the same day by Titus. Emilius Protus also observes, that Timoleon, the Corinthian, gained most of his victories on the anniversary of his birth.

To these facts drawn from ancient history, many from more modern times may be added. It is said, that most of the successes of Charles the Fifth occurred on the festival of St. Matthias.—Henry the Third was elected king of Poland, and became king of France, on Whitsunday, which was also his birthday. Pope Sextus the fifth preferred Wednesday to every other in the week, because it was the day of his birth, of his promotion to the cardinalate, of his

election to the papal throne, and of his coronation.

Louis the Thirteenth asserted that Friday was always a favourable day to him. Henry the VIIth. of England was partial to Saturday, on which most of the happy events of his life had taken place.

But if it were necessary to adduce examples against a sentiment so contrary to reason and common sense, it would be easy to enumerate instances of good and ill fortune occurring on the same day. Pompey was assassinated on the day of his former triumph over Mithridates. Alexander, who had received better instructions from his preceptor, Aristotle, once ridiculed with spirit an observation of one of his officers, who represented to him that the kings of Macedon never commenced a march in the month of June, and that he might encounter some unfavourable event if he neglected to follow the ancient custom. "It is necessary (said he) for once to infringe the custom; I therefore order that this June, which is so much dreaded, shall henceforth be called the second month of May." Lucullus replied in the same manner to those who endeavoured to dissuade him from engaging Tigranes on the Nones of October, because the army of Cepio had on that day been defeated by the Cimbri. "And I for that very reason, said Lucullus, will render it for the future a favourable day for the Romans. He attacked the king of Armenia, and defeated him. Leo the Tenth was inaugurated Pope on the anniversary of his imprisonment the year before. Oliver Cromwell had always considered the 3d September as fortunate for him. On the 3d of September 1650, he defeated the Scotch at Dunbar, and on that day, in the following year, he gained the battle of Worcester; but on the 3d of Sept. 1658 he expired.

Though this distinction of good and evil days be in reality as absurd as it appears to be, I much doubt if it be yet entirely eradicated. When it is considered how many things concur to keep up an error of this kind, and that among the great, as well as with the vulgar, opinions as puerile as this are not only received, but even made a rule of action, it may be inferred, that in every age and every country, however civilized, superstition always maintains its influence though it may occasionally vary in its object and name. The human mind, alternately wise and weak, indiscriminately adopts error and truth.

For the Emerald.

MR. FENNELL.

THE course of Readings and Recitations, proposed by Mr. FENNELL, it is hoped will meet that encouragement, which the liberality and good taste of this town have always afforded, when distinguished talents have claimed the public patronage. The success which attended a similar course in Philadelphia, ill adapted as it was to attract the attention of *the million*, would be sufficient evidence of Mr. Fennell's merit, were not such evidence rendered unnecessary, by the specimens of superior talent, which the public have already witnessed. The recitations of "Clarence's Dream," "Satan's address to the Sun," &c. on Tuesday evening at Concert Hall, were highly appreciated by a very respectable and discerning auditory.

The stage presents us only with the beauties of the *Drama*; while the pages of Milton, Thomson, Gray, and other admired poets, furnish passages equally susceptible of additional force and beauty from the powers of the accomplished speaker.--A judicious selection of these passages, embellished with the graces of oratory, we are confident in saying, will be exhibited in the readings and recitations of Mr. Fennell. The objections usually made against theatrical representations will here be obviated; all impurities will be expunged, and only the noblest parts retained, "unmixt with baser matter." Nor will the auditory be subjected to the drudgery of attending to every low, illiterate performer, whose false pronunciation, false emphasis, false cadence, and false every thing, is sufficient to deter any humane person from witnessing such horrid mutilation of harmless English.

We are sensible that no arguments need be used, to induce the public to bestow their patronage on one, who, notwithstanding prejudices that exist against the profession to which he belongs, is esteemed as a gentleman, a scholar, and a disciple of the old school.

We have a very capital fault to find with our friend R**. *He does not write half often enough.*

POETRY.

For the Emerald.

THE WILD FLOWER.

To ROSA.

MARK you yon coy distrustful flower
Peep from its humble bed,
Where never yet, the vigorous power
Of summer suns, were shed?

And none perhaps e'er saw it bloom,
Save roving poet's eye;
And none enjoy'd its rich perfume,
Or prais'd its lovely die!

There hath it blossom'd since its birth,
In loveliness alone!
Low bending o'er its parent earth,
Reclin'd on mossy throne.

The roving butterfly so fine,
Oft has admir'd its charms?
Or vagrant bee would there recline,
And sleep within its arms.

The humming bird, with radiant breast,
Full oft would visit there;
And youngling partridge love to rest,
Beneath its foliage fair.

Now mark yon proud and flaunting gem,
Spread its fine blossoms wide,
Seeming all others to contemn,
The garden's care and pride.

Lo! every wandering breeze that flies,
Robs it of rich perfume;
And every comer soils its dies,
And every sun its bloom.

And oh, how soon its faded form,
In sorrow falls to ground;
Nought can defend th' impetuous storm,
Or heal deep piercing wound.

Thus Pride, the maid of haughty eye,
By Fashion's hand adorn'd,
Although she glare in brilliant die,
How soon her fall is mourn'd.

But lowly Innocence, retir'd
From the world's gaudy show,
Long blooming lives, by all admir'd,
And bless'd in Virtue's view!

R**

For the Emerald.

To ——

WHEN Spring's first gem doth ope its eye,
And rear its tender form,
Say, can the beauteous nursling fly,
The keen and biting storm?

Ah no! touch'd by the freezing wind,
Low droops its head forlorn;
And, lady, love like fate will find,
Nipt by the breath of scorn!!

D**

The following is among the latest productions of the humorous PINDAR. *It has merit, both in sentiment, and style.*

THE BUTTERFLY AND MAGGOT.

A TALE.

By Peter Pindar, Esq.

INSCRIBED TO A LADY.

Harriet, for you I pen the tale,
Who, dove-like, seek the silent vale?
Rich in the virtues, rich in pow'rs of mind,
Content, where WISDOM points the way,
In modest solitude to stray,
And leave a bustling frenzied world behind.

A BUTTERFLY, of plumage gay,
Descended on a hazel spray,
Where dwelt a Maggot in his nut,
Contented in his humble hut.

The coxcomb pertly now press'd in,
Exclaiming, with satiric grin,
"Who's here that bids the world farewell?
Hoh! master Maggot are ye dead?"
The maggot heard—popp'd out his head
Just like a hermit from his cell.

"What, Friar Maggot! alive and moping;
Amid the dark for ever groping?
Why, what a horrid life is thine!
I range at will the hill and vale,
I face the sun, enjoy the gale,
And on the honied blossoms dine.

"Amid the fields of air I stray,
And, tell me, who dares stop my way
Not of proud man the crawling nation.
Why, thou art e'en beneath the Mole!
Heavens, how I pity thee, poor soul!
Thy birth disgraces the creation."

"What insolence (the grub replies;)
Alas! how vain are Butterflies.
Know, then, that Heaven my wishes grants,
Contented with my humble food,

I know that Providence is good,
And feel his bounty in my wants.

" Blaspheming creature learn, O learn
What thy dull optics can't discern ;
The hand which gave the Sun its form,
Fram'd ocean, bids the winds arise,
Displays its pow'r on earth and skies,
Displays a world within a worm."
The Maggot ended—now behold !
The beau, with plumes of glitt'ring gold,
Was, with a grin, prepar'd to treat him ;
When forth a sparrow hopp'd, unseen,
Spoil'd monsieur's meditated mien,
In triumph bore him off and ate him.

How few simplicity endears !
Ah ! who would lose, for sighs and tears,
The charms of friendship, love, and calm security,
To grandeur's giddy heights to climb ?
The happy state, and true sublime,
Live in two words—Contentment and Obscurity.

ARABIAN SONG.

From Carey's Amatory Poems.

COME, maid of Yemen ! sit with me
Beneath the fragrant almond tree ;
And shun, within this close retreat,
The blazing noontide's fervid heat.

Wafts't thou a gale of rich perfume
From drops that pearl the rose's bloom,
O Zephyr ! 'mid thy blossoms straying
With Pleasure's sportive daughters playing ?

Or have the virgin lilies spread
For panting Love a downy bed,
Where the fond trembler may repose,
And steep in extacy his woes ?

Or is it Zeineb's softer breast
On which her lover sinks to rest ;
And her's the sigh that I inhale,
The blushing maid of Yemen's vale ?

Or is it some gay child of air,
Some genie bright, or houri fair,
With beauties that can never fade,
Who sits beneath the almond shade ?

Or wakes the nightingale her lay
Amid her damask blooms so gay,
To bid the rose no longer weep,
And charm the lover's cares to sleep.

Or is it Zeineb's fairer form
That wakes with kisses melting warm,
And sits and sings the song of glee,
Beneath the wooing almond tree ?

TRANSLATION OF A BEAUTIFUL SPANISH SONNET.

On the green margin of the land,
Where Guardalhorce winds his way,
My lady lay :
With golden key sleep's gentle hand,
Had closed her eyes so bright.
Her eyes, two suns of light.
And bade his balmy dews
Her rosy cheek suffuse.
The River God in slumber saw her laid.
He rais'd his dripping head,
With weeds o'erspread,
Clad in his wat'ry robes approach'd the maid.
And with cold kiss, like death,
Drank the rich perfume of the maiden's breath.
The maiden felt that icy kiss ;
Her suns unclosed—their flame
Full and unclouded on the intrudor came,
Amaz'd he felt
His frothy body melt,
And heard the radiance on his bosom hiss :
And forced in blind confusion to retire,
Leap'd in the water to escape the fire.

From the Port Folio.

TO MR. G. STUART,

On sitting to Mr Peale for his Portrait.

Though thy fame, like a current, extended its force,
No less pure though still deeper and wider its course ;
Yet a debt still remained to futurity due.
As thy name fill'd the ear, that thy form should the view—
Now 'tis done—and each lover of nature and art
Will forever revere what so reigns in his heart ;
Nor shall Fame its proportion to PEALE e'er deny.
For united with STUART's it never can die.

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